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1489. d. 45.

# *CORONA CIVICA.*

A

# POEM,

To the Right Honourable the

## Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal of *England.*

———*Moribus ornas,*
*Legibus emendas.*——— Hor.

*LONDON,*

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Vernon

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JUN

# *CORONA CIVICA.*

## A

# POEM.

My LORD,

WHEN on ſome antique *Medal's* dimner Braſs
Corroſive Juices fret the *minted* Face,
By the ſtrong Acids freed from ſcaly Ruſt,
A breathing *Cæſar* rears his poliſh'd *Buſt*:
More plain Imperial Titles are deſcry'd;
And *publick* Virtues on the motto'd *Side*.
*Pious*, *Auguſt*, and *Happy* ſwell to Sight,
His *Country's Father*, and *Mankind's Delight*.

So whilſt keen *Spite* and envious *Spleen* eſſays
Your Fame to tarniſh, and corrode Your *Praiſe*:
The modeſt *Veil* forc'd off, Your *Glories* riſe;
And burniſh'd *Merits* ſtrike the wond'ring Eyes.

Firſt from Your gen'rous Blood Your Fate we trace;
And find the Seeds of Virtue in Your *Race*:
Diſcern how noble *Images* are bred,
And *Honour* riſes from the *Purple* Bed.
How *Worth* coæval with Your *Life* began,
The *Patriot* ſprung together with the *Man*.

The rich Aſſiſtance of a fair *Eſtate*
Improv'd theſe ſtrong *Impulſes* to be *Great*;
For *Want* the Mind's *Expanſion* does control,
It cramps the daring *Spring*, and dwarfs the *Soul*.
But coſtly *Art* trains *Nature* to the *Courſe*;
And guides to *Publick* Uſe the *genial* Force.

From this proportion'd *Baſe* You roſe to *State*;
And reach'd of *Civil* Life the tow'ring *Height*:

But in Your quick Aſcent that *Height* to ſeize,
Preluding Merits built the juſt Degrees:
Your active *Genius* fled the ſwifteſt Pace,
Yet meaſur'd all the *Stadia* of the Race.

Your Eloquence firſt at the liſt'ning *Bar*,
In *ſilent* Wonder charms the *noiſie* War.

Thither, whene'er You paint an injur'd State,
The piteous *Scene* Your moving Words tranſlate.
The melting Judge with ſoft Compaſſion *hears*
The Orphan's Cries, and *ſees* the Widow's Tears.
His *paſſive* Face ſtill alters with Your Tone,
Grows fierce, or mild, with Paſſions not his own,

By *Cæſar* when *Ligarius* was decreed
In ſpecious *Form*, and *Show* of Law to bleed;
The *Roſtra*'s Dangers fright the ſneaking *Gown*,
'Till *Cicero* aſcends the *vocal* Throne:
So ſigh'd in ſuited Words the doleful Tale,
The *Tribes* ſhriek'd out, the ſoften'd Judge grew pale.
The fatal *Scrole* his trembling Hand forſook,
Ghaſtly Concern was ſeen in *Cæſar*'s Look,
The ſecond time he *wept*, the firſt he *ſhook*.

As when to *Pella*'s *Chief Timotheus* play'd,
The *Conqueror* th' *imperious* Strings obey'd.
With ſwimming Eyes, ſooth'd by the *Lydian* Air,
He ſunk on *Thais* Breaſt, and kiſs'd the *Fair*.
'Till fir'd to *Arms* by the loud *Dorian* Strain,
He ſprung to paſs thro' *Granicus* again.
But when with *weeping* Verſe, and *throbbing* Strings,
The Bard deplor'd the *ſlipp'ry* Fate of Kings,
Of great *Darius* welt'ring in his Blood;
Sorrow the *Heroe* numm'd as *Cydnus* Flood.

Nor does this Pow'r reſult from Eloquence
Alone, but learned *Weight*, and nervous *Senſe*.
Like a ſmooth *Surface* Your Expreſſions flow,
But rich the Senſe, the Reas'ning vaſt below.
*Pactolus* thus a glaſſie Current roll'd,
The Channel *deep*, and all the Bottom *Gold*!
In vain the Law, obſcur'd in duſty Rolls,
Pleated its doubtful End in matted Folds.
*Sagacious* You trace the fled Truth to *View*,
And wind the Bottom of the puzzled *Clew*.

A fav'ring *Judgment* hence ſucceeds Your Plea,
At once You *Argue*, and at once *Decree*.

Our pliant Youths, as they aſpire to *Fame*,
Their Studies on Your Standard *Model* frame,
Your Draughts purſue, copy Your *ſketching* Lines:
Thus *Maſters* paint by *Angelo*'s Deſigns.

From the ſame *Stock* Your radiant *Genius* bore
Sprouts a rich *Branch* of the ſame *Golden* Ore;
To the ſame glorious *Aims* his twin Deſire,
*Fraternal* Love, and Emulation fire.
You to the *Bench* preferr'd by *Royal* Care,
A ſhining *Cowper* ſtill adorns the *Bar*.

Where the hot *Tropic* to Celeſtial Rain
Exalts the mounting Waters of the Main,
Strait *Brother* Drops ſlide to the voided Space,
Recruit the *Waſte*, and plump the Ocean's Face.

But as You roſe to Your *Illuſtrious* Place,
Joy ſmil'd in ev'ry nobler *Pleader*'s Face:
Contented they ſubmit ambiguous Right
To Your exacter Judgment's piercing Sight,
By *Love* untinctur'd, and unſtain'd by *Spite*.
To ſuch a Breaſt, in native *Honour* ſtrong,
Unwarp'd by *Friendſhip*, and unbent by *Wrong*.

*Jekyl* with *Rival* Skill and lawful Pride
Your Courſe purſues; *ſtaunch to the Honeſt Side*.

Experienc'd *Vernon* joy'd Your Worth's *Succeſs*,
Polite his *Manner*, winning his *Addreſs*,
Strong to confute, and eaſie to expreſs.
*Cauſes* unnumber'd no *Fatigue* create
To his vers'd Mind, nor has the Burden Weight.
A Look ſerene his clear *Diſcernment* ſhows,
Law has no puzzling *Doubt* to knit his *Brows*;
Secure of Fame he flies a loftier Fate,
Content with Riches in a ſafer State.

*Parker* exulting, when he view'd You rais'd,
The *Royal* Choice in Your Promotion prais'd:
His ſtricter Studies, which to *Yours* aſpire,
He tempers with the Eaſe of *Weldon*'s Lyre.

Honours deſerv'd *Imperial* ANNE beſtows,
And Plenty from the grateful *Client* flows.

With *Heroes* mann'd when *vocal Argo* bore
Undaunted *Jaſon* to *Medea*'s Shore,
*Orpheus* with *Muſick* tim'd the lab'ring Oar.
The proſp'rous Bark return'd to richer *Greece*,
With *Glory* freighted and a Golden Fleece.

Nor does the *Bar* alone Your Tongue and Cares
Employ; Your Cares and Tongue the Senate ſhares.
The Senate, this Iſle's *Health*, and its *Diſeaſe*,
Its *Fence* and *Danger*, like the ambient Seas;
Like Seas, for oft Sedition's Tempeſt raves
In Tumults there, and ſwells the Civil Waves.
The Cargo of the richeſt Worth is loſt,
If Storms ariſe from the *Weſt-Saxon* Coaſt.
Yet thro' ſhoal Rocks, ſafe from the Winds that veer'd
Your Pilot Skill the *Publick Veſſel* ſteer'd.

No Bribe Your Voice, no Silver Quinſie ſtops,
And in bought Silence gives the Traitor Hopes:
Nor Threats from ſhielding Innocence affright,
And making its imputed *Blackneſs, White*.

*Fenwick* aſſociate Pow'r protects in vain,
In Fetters bold, nor humbled by his Chain;
One Evidence withdrawn of open Fact,
He pleads the *Grace* of a defective Act.
But lurking Treaſon You produc'd to ſight,
Expos'd it glar'd, as You improv'd the Light.
Then lively ſhow'd gall'd *Albion*'s Shoulders broke
To Foreign *Weights*, and a Provincial *Yoke*.
At Your pathetick Speech ev'n Factions melt,
When murder'd *William* bleeds by Swords unfelt.
So fine, ſo ſoft You drew the weeping Piece,
Stabb'd *Cæſar*'s ſpeaking Wounds mov'd Pity leſs.

*Tully* declaim'd: How long ſhall I accuſe?
*Patience how long ſhall* Catiline *abuſe*?
Nor thought to quench the *Sparks* of *Civil* War,
*Cethegus* Death below a *Conſul*'s Care.
Stain'd with like *Guilt* a *mutt'ring* Party blam'd
A Citizen without a Law condemn'd.
Exil'd by *Clodius*, but repenting *Rome*
In *Triumph* bore his *Country's Father* home.

Nor Fame alone's for Foes oppreſs'd deſerv'd,
But *Civic* Crowns for Citizens preſerv'd.

In giddy Times, when Storms from *France* and Hell
Whirl'd in our State, and on our Senate fell:
When tainting Blaſts ſwept o'er the Harveſt's Top,
Black'ning the richeſt Ears of all the Crop.

To *Orford*, the *Duillius* of our Fleet,
When 'twas a Crime th' inſulting *French* to beat;
Tho' the *Prætorian* Sun *la Hogue* did view
Glitt'ring with painted Flames, but burnt with true.

When *Somers*, equal to his weighty *Truſt*,
Like *Phocion Good*, like *Ariſtides Juſt*,
With *conſcious* Virtue bold, in popûlar Hate
View'd *Ariſtides* Flight, or *Phocion*'s Fate.

His Crime *Partition*'s healing League adviſ'd,
In equal Scales and *Europe*'s Empire poiz'd.
With ſteady Poles this *Ball* thro' Nature's Care
Its Tenor keeps, and floats in liquid Air:
But ſinks, its *Æquilibrium* once deſtroy'd,
Unhing'd a whirling Ruin thro' the *Void*.
So in Confuſion beauteous *Order*'s hurl'd,
If broke the Balance of the Civil World.
This by divining Prudence to prevent,
And all the Blood ſince ſpilt, and Treaſure ſpent,
Was firſt in Rank of *Somers* glorious Crimes,
Was firſt in Rank, *O Cuſtoms and O Times!*
Made capital by thoſe, whoſe ſtarving Fate
Thrives with the Shipwrecks of a bulging State.

Harmonious *Hallifax* in Guilt was join'd,
By ſacred Friendſhip link'd, and Publick Mind;
In the ſame Arts of poliſh'd Life refin'd.
Fit to adviſe a Prince; adviſ'd, to praiſe;
*Mecænas* Head for *State*, and *Virgil*'s Lays.

None better in the Nation's low Extreme
Contrives a *Model*, or projects a *Scheme*.
A needful War in Foreign Lands maintain'd,
By the vaſt *Flux* the Kingdom's Treaſures drain'd.
The pining Soldier fainted in the Field,
Preſt by his Arms, and conquer'd by his Shield.
In trading Veins the Vital Pulſe decay'd,
The Waſte beyond our State *Machaon*'s Aid.

'Till

'Till *Hallifax* finds out a letter'd *Mine*,
And tranſubſtantiates Paper into Coin.
Strait a new Life ſprung from the Fairy Gold,
Circled in Trade, and in free Commerce roll'd,
The furbiſh'd Spear grew bright, the Warrior bold.
Submiſſive *France* no more our Pow'rs oppos'd,
*William* the brazen Gates of *Janus* clos'd.

Such Merit, *Albion* ſav'd, and *France* oppreſs'd,
Impeachments urge, Heroic Virtue's Teſt.
So to *Liternum Scipio* was purſu'd
With *Carthage* loſt, with *Hannibal* ſubdu'd.
*Minturnæ*'s Reeds, where Lawrels us'd to grow
From *Cimbrian* Blood conceal'd old *Marius* Brow.

Ungrateful Spite thus *Hallifax* engag'd,
With Safety vext, with Benefits enrag'd.
And tho' a *Siren* warbles in his Song,
Tho' *Tully* pleads in his perſuaſive Tongue;
Yet deaf to Plaints, with Prejudices arm'd,
Faction grew *Adder* more, the more he charm'd.

'Twas then, my Lord, in frowning Danger brave,
You roſe, Your Country in Your Friends to ſave.
'Twas then Your ſhielding Voice the Charge ſuſtain'd,
Of Eloquence and ev'ry Sinew ſtrain'd.
Then blending met the bold Defence to frame
*Iſæus* Flood, and *Pericles*'s Flame;
Soft beauteous Eaſe combin'd with manly State,
*Demades* Wit, *Demoſthenes*'s Weight.
From the Beaſt's Skin then baited Virtue freed,
In lambent Glory dreſs'd her ſhining Head.
Then Perſecution's ſecret Springs were ſeen,
Wheels of *French* Gold work'd up the forc'd Machine,
Fictitious Danger, and a painted Scene.

Thus friendly Arts the *Patriots* ſav'd at Bay,
And drove the Blood-Hounds rated from the Prey.
Impeachments dropt, and Accuſations cruſh'd,
Faction look'd pale with Guilt, and would have bluſh'd.

With pow'rful Verſe when tuneful *Orpheus* try'd,
Releas'd from Shades to lead his beauteous Bride,
(For wreathing Garlands in a flow'ry Field,
A lurking Snake th' unwary Charmer kill'd,)
Spar'd by the Vulture *Tityus* Liver grew,
Nor did *Ixion*'s ſelf himſelf purſue.

The *Stygian* Tyrant was to Pity bent,
*A Heart before unknowing to relent.*

So whilst in like Concern Your pow'rful Tongue
(For Friendſhip's Tie is like the Nuptial, ſtrong)
Contends, Spite's deſtin'd Sentence to revoke,
Fetters unlink'd, Bolts ſhiver'd as You *ſpoke*,
The *Ax* grew blunted, and the *Faſces* broke.

Such Arts, ſuch Virtues Royal *ANNE* induce,
The *Virtues* to reward, the *Arts* to uſe.
But e'er the *Senate*'s Helm in Storms You leave,
*Granby* and *Hartington* the Charge relieve.
By Marriage Brothers, more by Friendſhip ty'd,
By Virtue's Conſanguinity ally'd.

To *Hartington* in early Camps explor'd,
With *Cæſar*'s Force to ſpeak, and *Cæſar's* Sword;
Brave by Deſcent, to Loyal Firmneſs Heir,
*ANNE* truſts Her *Sacred Perſon*'s watchful Care.
Weary'd with Publick Weight She ſafely ſleeps,
Whilſt *Hartington* the Guard with *Angels* keeps.

But *Granby* in the *Senate*'s Rule was join'd,
Kings to ſupport by *Kindred* Blood inclin'd.
His Princely Race ſhines in his noble Air,
A true *Plantagenet* without a *Bar*,
Yet by his tender Breaſt, and Pity's ſhow'd,
The Royal Stream from ſofter Woman flow'd.
Should kinder Heav'n a *Halcyon* Peace diffuſe,
He'd court in learned Shades a Rural Muſe.
*Roſcommon*'s Art, and *Rocheſter*'s ſoft Eſſe
Melt in his Verſe, and in the Mixture pleaſe:
By Verſe to tuneful *Rocheſter* ally'd,
Yet lives with all the *Innocence* he dy'd.

But when *Sedition*'s Storms diſtract the Realm,
And louder Danger calls him to the *Helm*:
When Burgeſſes o'er trampled *Peers* prevail,
And ſink all Pow'r into the *Commons* Scale:
When *Synods* mad with Schiſm, with Faction blind,
To ſtay the Church's Fall, the *Pillars min'd*;
Then to avert the ſinking Nation's Fate,
He ſtarts to *Buſ'neſs*, and he ſprings to *State*.

Your Charge reſign'd by this great Pair ſupply'd,
So skill'd to Manage, and ſo ſtrong to Guide.

To the First *Council's* higher *Orb* You roſe,
Where *Honour* dreſs'd in flaming Purple glows.
No Rabble Votes elect a Member here,
Factious and loud to repreſent the *Shire*.
But long Deſcent of rich *Patrician* Blood
The Station gives, and ſtronger Pulſe to Good:
Or Publick Virtues to this *Summit* raiſe:
Glory's the *Pyramid*, but Worth the *Baſe*,
Rugged with *Trophies*, and inſcrib'd with *Praiſe*.

Here *Marlbrô*, who preſerves our Capitol,
A new *Camillus* to the vaunting *Gaul*.

With nice Politeneſs valiant *Ormond* ſhines,
Like *Scipio* Peace adorns, and War refines.

Here gentle *Richmond*, in whoſe Face and Breaſt
His *Father* deep the *Royal* Stamp impreſt:
Man to engage, and form'd the Fair to pleaſe,
He ſoftens *Majeſty* with careleſs *Eaſe*.

Here we rich *Craſſus* in *Newcaſtle* find,
As *Julius* Brave, as courteous *Pompey* Kind,
In him a ſafe *Triumvirate* is join'd.

Here *Somerſet*, under whoſe Guardian Wing
On Silver *Cham* protected Muſes ſing.
His own Heroic Faith the Theme ſupply'd,
The *Pontif*'s Legate ſcorn'd, and *Rome* defy'd.

*Devonſhire*, whoſe Noble Looks his Mind expreſs,
Rouſes the *Patriot* in the State's Diſtreſs.
Factions his vocal Force in Senate dread,
His Arms in ſquadron'd Fields the *Tyrant* fled.

Here *Lindſey* wears his Shoulder's Crimſon Pride
With Loyal Blood of Predeceſſors dy'd.
When Perſecution, mask'd like Zeal, did try
Religion by Religion to deſtroy,
He made a glorious Stand, his piercing Eyes
Diſcern'd the *Fury* in a Church Diſguiſe.

*Pembroke* adorn'd with ev'ry rarer Art,
A Stateſman's Head, a Chriſtian's zealous Heart.
What curious Knowledge *Ægypt* ſtain'd of old
On Paper, *Pergamus* in Skins enroll'd;
What fine Inventions *Greece* or *Rome* could boaſt,
Deſtroy'd by *Mummius*, or by *Genz'ric* loſt;

Re-

Retriev'd by *Pembroke*'s learned Search we find,
Compoſe the rich *Moſaic* of his Mind.

*Mordaunt Marcellus* with a kinder Fate;
*Stamford Fabricius* with a *little Great.*
Reviving *Druſus* gen'rous *Kingſton* ſhows;
*Agrippa*'s Naval Crowns bind *Durſly*'s Brows.

To *Brutus*' Glories *Sunderland* does riſe,
But *brighter* far his chaſte *Lucretia*'s Eyes.
Theſe *Tarquin*'s Luſt to Worſhip had ſubdu'd:
She *faintly* charms who finds a Lover *rude.*

What painting Muſe can *Portland*'s Merit draw,
Faithful *Achates* to the great *Naſſau!*
That grateful *Heroe* ſav'd, the timely Aid
Confeſs'd by *Titles;* but with *Friendſhip* paid.

Gay *Wharton*'s eaſie Manner unconfin'd,
Yet fix'd the Central Honour of his Mind;
Still ſerves the Publick Scene and *Britain*'s Good:
*Vertumnus* thus the coy *Pomona* woo'd.
Plump Cheeks ſometimes and brisker Eyes confeſs'd,
He luſcious Muſt from Purple Cluſters preſs'd.
Sometimes with *Ceres* Gifts a Reaper ſhow'd,
A whiſtling Plowman with a pointed Goad,
Or feign'd an Angler with a taper Rod.
Yet in each *Change* his conſtant Flame he ſerv'd,
And ſtill the *Lover* and the *God* preſerv'd.

And now, *my Lord*, to You in this high Sphere
*ANNE* Juſtice truſts, as Heav'n the State to *Her.*
Pleas'd we the Scene of acted Life ſurvey,
And in that Promiſe ſee a glorious Day.
But when the early Earneſts giv'n me view,
Juſt our Conjectures prove, our Reas'nings true:
So *Attic Ceres' Eleuſinian* Nights
Myſtick *Perfection* gave, by Steps of Rites.

The *Law* by coſtly Stops the Plaintiff griev'd,
*Righted* by Loſs, by Injury reliev'd:
A ſubtle Web the Spider *Counſel* ſpun,
Who ſtruck the tangling Maſh was ſure undone.
The *Orphan* by his Guardian ſu'd as Heir;
But could not, deaf with Age, his Verdict hear.
Cauſes, like *Cheſs*, from Father left to Son,
The *Jubilee* ends, the *Century* begun.

Already You th' Expanſion of a *Caſe*
Have check'd, the Leaf-gold driving into Maſs.
The *Law* contracted from th' immoderate Length,
Collects in ſhorter Bounds a firmer Strength.
Nor yet ſhall Your *reforming* Study ceaſe
To mould the *awful* Scheme to Publick Eaſe;
'Till ſtubborn Nations, by our Arms unbroke,
Sue to obey, and court the *gentle* Yoke:
'Till the World's common Bounds our Empire knows,
And *ANNE* by Juſtice *Univerſal* grows.

Thus to good *Deioces* the *lawleſs* Eaſt
Unbent to Rule, by Liberty diſtreſt,
For Judgment in his private Village preſt.
'Till *Benefactor*, *Prince* at laſt ſucceeds,
And *Juſtice* founds the Kingdom of the *Medes*.

Already You convince the pleading *Tribe*,
In ſoft'ning Preſents You condemn a Bribe.
Gold in no Shape Your Breaſt can ſap or ſtorm,
Bribes Juſtice mine, but Gifts attack in Form.
No more moroſe Reflections ſhall diſguſt,
*Sour* paſs for *Wiſe*, *Ill-bred* for being *Juſt*;
Severe Your Judgment, but the Manner's mild,
Oblig'd by Your ſoft *Way* the Loſer ſmil'd.

No vulture *Kinſmen* whet their graſping Claws,
And ſell by Auction the Event of Laws.
No Harpey *Wife* on Sacrifices feaſts,
Altars pollutes, and robs the ſtarving Prieſts.
As Juſtice *Balance* is unſunk by Gold
Like Heav'n, Heav'ns Servants *Portion* is unfold.

But whilſt Your righteous Arts ſecure the Throne,
The Church from *Danger*'s kept by *Teniſon*:
Reſt ſuch a preſent Providence ſhall give
To *Angels*, and their Guardian Wings relieve.

Pacific *Teniſon*, whoſe Learning's juſt,
From *Conon*'s Stars to *Archemides*' Duſt.
In Rites an *Aaron*, *Levi* to precede,
By God ordain'd, a *Moſes* Tribes to lead:
Mild Patience beyond *Moſes* Pattern ſhown
Is Miracle, and proves his *Miſſion*.
For yet no ſtern Command in Earthquakes ſinks
*Abiram* of the Rolls, and *Dathan B---ks*:

The

The *Second Prieſts* ſtill contumacious ſtand,
Their Foreheads Braſs, as Cenſers in their Hand.
As haughty Pride looks o'er his *Unction*'s Right,
So his rich Worth's unſeen by ſquinting Spite.
When *Hydra Rome* did *Britain*'s Faith purſue
With her Seven Heads, and thought thoſe Heads too few:
Then *Teniſon* a *Hercules* appear'd,
With *Scriptures* cut the Necks, with *Fathers* ſear'd.
In that fierce Trial, when *Ben-Hadad* leant
On *Cheſter*'s Neck, and him to *Rimmon* bent:
When a *Diſſenting* Troop the Charge declin'd,
And *Hereſie* with ſocial *Schiſm* was join'd:
(The Circle as from Error Error fled,
The Serpent's Tail piec'd to the Viper's Head.)
Then *Teniſon* unmov'd, with Firmneſs ſtood
*Tyber*, and mingling *Rhoſne*'s confederate Flood.
Not of a zealous Tyrant's Frowns afraid,
He baffled Prieſts dumb like their *Idols* made.
Hence for devoted Blood in Purple Lines
A *Confeſſor* in *Engliſh* Diptychs ſhines.

As *Teniſon* preſerves the Church ſecure,
Its *Diſcipline* ſevere, its *Doctrine* pure:
As *Cowper*'s learned Faith the State ſuſtains,
Aiding Great *ANNE* to guide the Nation's Reins:
So to *Godolphin*'s *Management* is ow'd
Plenty at home, and Victory abroad.

In *Italy*, where *Sirius*' ſcorching Star
Burns the green Promiſe of the hopeful Year,
A mighty Baſon by induſtrious Swains
Is form'd, the Treaſury of falling Rains.
Thither they tempt the creeping Springs around;
Where ruſhy Swamps and flaggy Beds are found,
They broach the Surface, and they tap the Ground.
The *Daughter* Streams hence from the *Mother Head*
To cool the thirſty Fields in Rills are led,
The due Supplies adjuſted to the *Need*.
By ſparing Art forbid to flow too faſt,
(For frugal Sluices ſtop a laviſh Waſte)
Thro' all the Heats the manag'd Waters laſt.

Aſſembled Gabels thus th' *Exchequer* fill,
Thither great Taxes ruſh, and ſmall diſtil.
*Godolphin*'s faithful Care, by thrifty Ways,
To Publick Uſe the juſt Relief conveys.

The *Aids*, to proper Time, and preſſing Freight
Proportion'd, nor too little, nor too late.
Not ſpent in *private* Growth, to ſettled Ends
Well Husbanded each granted *Fund* extends.

So we obſerve the *Heart*, as we diſſect,
A *Purſe* to hold, a *Muſcle* to eject.
Thither the *Veins* bring Subſidies of Blood,
Whilſt *Arteries* pay off the Vital Flood.
Life to the *Whole* this nobler *Part* ſupplies,
Man by its Office *lives*, without it *dies*.

*Blenheim* ignoble, *Donawert* unknown,
No purpler Names than *Agincourt* had ſhown.
Perhaps the Frontier *Rhine* our Arms had paſt,
But in th' exhauſted *Empire's* ravag'd Waſte,
Want in the glorious March a Barrier caſt.
The *Troops* unpaid ſtopt their victorious *Courſe*,
Flaggy their Muſcles, and unnerv'd their Force.
But Wiſe *Godolphin's* providential Care
In Foreign Lands with *Sinews* ſtrung the War;
Impreſs'd a Pulſe, and *animating* Gold
To diſtant Camps with conq'ring *Vigour* roll'd.

Thus following Streams from *Horeb's* cleaving Side
*Miracle* pour'd, and *Prodigy* ſupply'd;
Refreſhing *Iſrael* thro' the thirſty Sand
They conquer'd, and poſſeſs'd the promis'd Land.

I ſee, I ſee *Saturnian* Times begun,
And happier Years their glorious *Æra* run;
*Juſtice* deſcends to bleſs the World again,
And *Innocence* compleats the golden Reign.

Religion's Palms in *ANNA's* Hand increaſe,
And on Her Head the Olive Wreaths of *Peace*.
For MARLBOROUGH to Hoſtile Coaſts afar
Her *Light'ning* bears, himſelf the *Bolt* of War.
*By him* of ſlain Mountains on Mountains pil'd,
*She* repreſents in *Blenheim Phlegra's* Field:
*By him* the Quiet of Her peaceful Reign
*She'll* give the *World*, by *Cloudſly* to the *Main*:
*By both She* haughty *Lewis* ſhall defeat,
As *Scythia's* Queen the lawleſs *Perſian* beat;
And ſince by others Blood he's thirſtier grown,
Shall ſatiate this new *Cyrus* with his own.

FINIS.